

THE PRESIDENT OF

Rotary International

By HAROLD L. SNOW, M.D.

RICHARD H. WELLS, a member of the newly organized Eleventh Ward in Pocatello, Idaho, is the president of Rotary International for the current year—a position of honor and distinction that comes to few. Until a few months ago he was a counselor to the president of the Pocatello Stake and despite his present busy schedule as head of the largest association of business and professional men in the world, he still takes time out to speak at various Latter-day Saint services and to perform other duties in the Church.

He is the grandson of our famous Utah pioneer, Daniel H. Wells, counselor to Brigham Young; and he is the son of Joseph S. Wells, who was general manager of the Utah Light and Railway Company. Richard H. Wells was born in Salt Lake City shortly before the turn of the century. His mother died when he was six years of age. He attended the Salt Lake City schools and the L.D.S. University. He moved to Pocatello and went in business for himself twenty-five years ago and soon became one of the city's leading citizens.

W. P. Whitaker, president of the Pocatello Stake, says of the Rotary president:

He was active in his priesthood quorum in his boyhood days. He was president of the deacons' quorum and held other similar positions. In August 1914, at the age of seventeen years, he left Salt Lake City for the Hawaiian Mission where he remained in the mission field until October 1919, a period of five years. His missionary work was very successful. He gained the love of the people and recently upon his return to Hawaii, as an official of Rotary International, he revisited his mission field and renewed his acquaintances. The love and adoration of the people for him were demonstrated on numerous occasions.

He came to Pocatello in January 1920, and very shortly thereafter was made superintendent of the First Ward, Y.M.M.I.A. About two years thereafter he was chosen as a member of the high council of the Pocatello Stake, in which position he labored for two years. He was then sustained as stake superintendent of the Y.M.M.I.A. which position he occupied until November 1930. He was then sustained as second counselor to President Henry W. Henderson of the Pocatello Stake presidency, in which position he labored until November 1943—a period of thirteen years.

The Rotary Club was the first service club of its kind organized for business and professional men. It originated in Chicago in 1905. It has grown rapidly and now consists of 5,285 clubs, has 226,800 members, and is actively functioning in over 50 countries. Its slogans, "Service above Self" and "He Profits Most Who Serves the Best," are based upon the Golden Rule.

THE *Reader's Digest* frequently runs abstracted articles from *The Rotarian*, international magazine of the Rotary Club. *The Rotarian* says of Brother Wells:

His concern for the welfare of others is sincere, yet never goes to seed in highfalutin' rhetoric or high-hat conceit. He loves to prick the bubble of pomposity—or illogic—with humor.

He is a bank vice president in Pocatello. He has also served on his selective service board since its organization, and is president of the Idaho Society for Crippled Children, as well as chairman of the war loan drive. He has been in demand as a speaker at many types of meetings. He is a deep thinker and an effective speaker.

Among the talents of Richard H. Wells is that of successfully operating

Walter Cleare, one of Pocatello's business men, said of him:

I never saw a young man enter this community who made his influence felt so quickly and so surely as Dick Wells. I predicted very early in his career that he would become one of Pocatello's foremost citizens.

One of Pocatello's leading attorneys is credited with saying of him:

Dick has a genius for solving the problems of a small business and putting a profit into it.

In 1933 Richard H. Wells was elected president of the Pocatello Rotary Club.



RICHARD H.
WELLS

a business. He runs a lumber yard, a farm-implement store, a shop and repair department for trucks and farm machinery, two large warehouses, two coal-yards, an ice plant, a hardware store, and several other smaller businesses. He says that such a complicated group of businesses are really quite simple to manage "if you have the right men and an efficient general office."

In 1934 he was elected governor of the district. Four years later he was elected to the board of directors of Rotary International at the San Francisco meeting. It is interesting to know that he was nominated for president of Rotary International by the Rotary Club of Honolulu. "Dick" served on a mission there and has maintained his friendships

(Concluded on page 154)

PART II—CONCLUSION

IN 1929, I happened to be appraising livestock out near Fort Bridger and heard a story that fits perfectly as a concluding chapter to the one told previously, and if you ever see "Singing Wires" in print, see if the man who tapped wires shortly after the time of the escape from Port, and who died there, might not have been the solution to Port's worries. It might be included here but that the story took place in Wyoming and I am writing about Utah, for part of Nevada was Utah in those days.

From Dugway the road winds up a rather rough, rocky road to the summit where Fish Springs valley is situated to the west. Turn south, then west, and travel about ten miles and come to what was called either Rock House or Black Rock Station which was a dry station

half mile we would have to get out and break the mud away between the wagon box and the wheels so they could turn.

We turned north about one mile and came to Fish Springs, so-called for the number of minnows in the blue spring water. Here was a hunter's paradise, if ever there was one, for there were thousands of ducks and geese waiting for someone to kill them. And numberless muskrats were in the rushes below the station, which was not much of a place when we went there, and only a part of some of the old buildings were in evidence to show where the station had been. This was a home station, the second from Salt Lake City.

SOME of my earliest recollections are of the days I would sit for hours at a time, with my mouth open, listening to those old timers tell stories of the Pony Express and kindred subjects, and

rider to return. An old man was there. Someone said he had had experiences with Pony Express riders so he was asked when he thought the man would return. His estimate was over one hour less than any of the others. Some scoffed at his estimate, but thirty minutes before the time set by him for the rider's return he walked away from the group a few yards, placed his ear to the ground and listened. We watched and waited, one, two, three minutes, and then:

"Just crossed the bridge at Faust Creek." (Six miles away.)

We walked over to where he was. Some of the men were smiling.

"Coming over that gravelly hill by the old cemetery, and how he is riding. Get down and listen. Plain as talking." (Five miles distant.)

Some got down. So did I, but all I heard was my heart pounding. We got up, and one of the men offered to bet him

The PONY EXPRESS

out on a flat with many black rocks that appear to be of volcanic origin. It was snowing when we arrived and all I could see was a few old tumbled down walls. It was near here we did see some of the old telegraph poles still standing with the wire on some of them, after thirty years of desert wind and storm.

Continue west about ten miles and cross Fish Springs flat which is the muddiest, slickest, stickiest, dirtiest place I was ever in. When we left home, Father had put a shovel in the wagon. He had been here many times and knew what to expect, for every

I would swallow them bait, hook, line, sinker, and half of the pole. No one questioned the truthfulness of them. One man always told of the time he kept a station out here somewhere and by placing his ear to the ground could hear the rider coming many miles away, and tell just where he was by the different sounds made by the running horse as it passed over the different formations.

A few years later someone was sick, and a rider was sent to Tooele, thirty-three miles distant, for medicine and was told not to spare horseflesh, for this was a case of life or death.

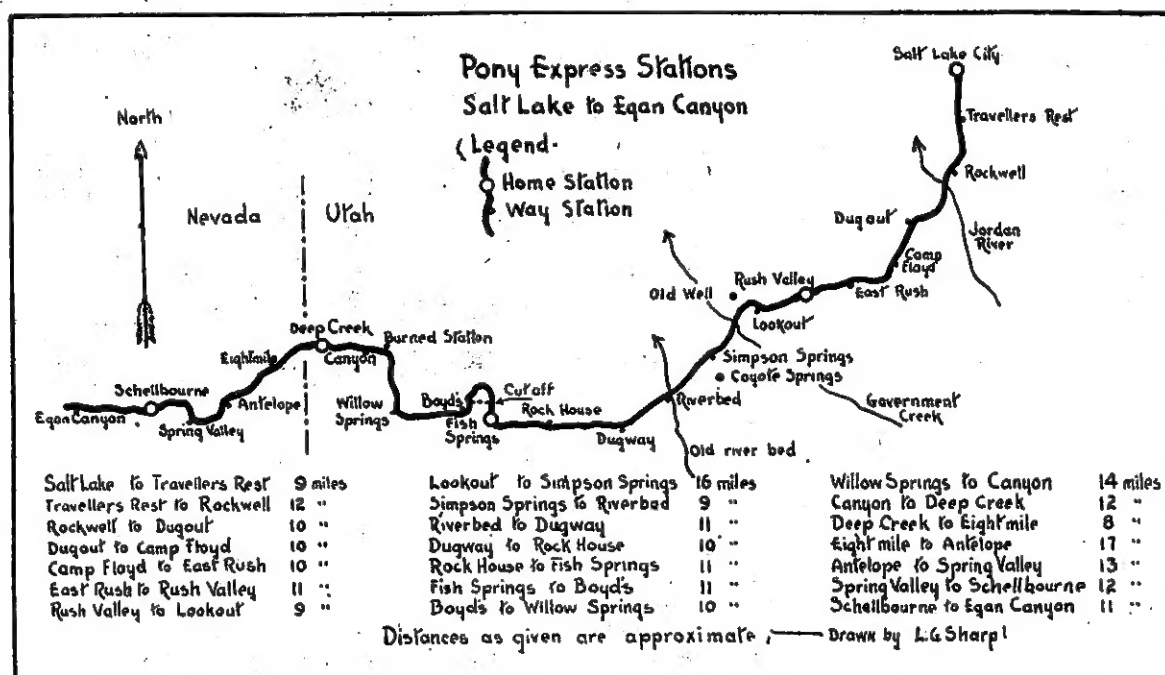
That evening some men gathered at our place wondering when to expect the

\$20.00 the rider would not be back within one hour. He took the bet and offered to bet \$50.00 more that the man would be there within twenty minutes. This bet was also taken. The rider came to us within fifteen minutes.

I have often wondered if he really could hear that horse coming, or if he just took a gambler's chance. Men did such things in those days.

Back at Simpson I spoke of the volunteers being of some use at Fish Springs. It was this way. The rider going east, I believe it was Wilson, became suspicious, and when he arrived at the place he expected an ambush, put his horse to a dead run and went

"Singing Wires" appeared in *The Improvement Era*, December 1944





STATIONS •

By James P. Sharp

through, shooting his revolver in the air. The Indians were so surprised they never shot at him but gave chase. He reported this to the soldiers at Simpson who made a forced march. When he returned he led those Indians into an ambush, and some said three were killed.

From Fish the road continues north a short distance. Now, if the Pony Express rider felt lucky and had a whole rabbit along with him, or at least the left foot of one killed in a graveyard, at night, in the dark of the moon, then he might take up a short canyon and head over the mountains to the next station. But Indians were always bad in there, so it was better to ride around the point of Fish Springs Mountains and turn south and at about eleven miles from Fish arrive at Boyd's Station (later called Salt Wells). Here Boyd kept the station, hence the name. The remains of an old rock house with portholes was here, and nothing else. From here he turned west ten miles and came to Willow Springs so-called from the willows growing around a large spring out in the valley. This is now called Callao. Here it was Pete Neece was lord of all he surveyed, for he was station keeper and some said he rode Pony Express at odd times.

The Indians had always been troublesome around here and Pete had quite a time keeping them from stealing him blind. He was a very quiet man, and some said he killed a lot of Indians that no one ever knew about.

Now, the Indians in this locality had no horses. If they got one, they proceeded to eat the animal, for they were

always on the verge of starvation. The only means they had of capturing game was with a bow and arrow or running it down. They were said to have the finest running legs of any desert tribe.

FROM Willow, the road runs a bit west of north for about thirteen miles and then turns west about one mile to Canyon Station. Burnt Station is possibly one mile east from Canyon Station. I have been to Burnt Station, but not to Canyon, so will describe the one I saw as a rock house set out on a sort of a level place near the mouth of the canyon. Possibly I'd better describe Canyon Station, for it had been burned, as I had it described to me, and as it was before the fire. Canyon Station was said to have been a dry station and consisted of a log house and behind and adjoining this, was the stable with a door going from the house into the stable and another door going to the outside. Opposite this door was another leading into a sort of dugout where the meals were cooked and served. Now, back to the road between these two stations:

When the road leaves Willow Springs, it runs along just above the floor of the valley and just under the rolling hills to the west and is the finest unimproved road I was ever on. It is a sort of gravelly substance which packs like cement. It is almost level and a

wonderful place, for here it was the riders for the Express and the drivers for the Stage always attempted to make up any lost time, or time that might be lost. The horses on this run between these two stations had been selected for speed, and the minute a driver started out, the four horses were on a dead run and kept this up to the next station. It was the same either way and was the same with the Pony Express riders, for there was no danger of an ambush.

Let us pick up the story from Simpson and Bill Riley and follow it through. Those desert Indians had an intelligence system that was simply marvelous. They seemed to know everything that was going on, and the white men could never figure out the source of their information.

Now, shortly after the killing of those Indians, Peah-namp did not go to his own tribe down south, but went to the people of his squaw, out in this district, to plan some sort of revenge. Riley got to thinking things over and decided it might be healthier if he and some of the leaders in the killing moved to another station, so he and some of the soldiers were transferred west to Canyon, and the soldiers out there went to Simpson.

The day after Riley had been transferred the stage driver coming from

(Continued on page 155)

Strangers WITHIN OUR GATES

By NEVA WALKER GREEN

SEVERAL months ago I learned that Mexicans in our labor camp could not make themselves understood in Spanish Fork stores. I wondered how I would ask for laundry soap or even toilet soap in Mexico. I realized, then, that we, as a community should provide some means of contact so they would know that they were part of our community while living here. After calling the Mexican labor camp and offering my services, I asked my genealogy class to assist me.

Jack Ellison (who had just completed a Spanish-American mission and is the official interpreter at the labor camp), and DeVon Hermansen were set apart as missionaries to help contact these men.

Our first meeting was on a cold, rainy Friday night—so chilly that several Mexicans wore their serapes. Brother Ellison spoke briefly in Spanish, telling them who we were and what we desired to do—namely to make them feel at home and to acquaint them with our way of living, and the principles of our gospel. He asked if they would like us to hold a cottage meeting with them each Friday night; also a class each week in English. They said, "Si, si," very enthusiastically. Thus our Mexican classes began.

We felt handicapped by the lack of a piano, but Bishop Gull made arrangements for us to use an organ belonging to our ward.

We were fortunate to be allowed the use of the old stake seminary room which is equipped with blackboards. When no interpreter is available, we use a Spanish-English dictionary.

These men come from every state in Mexico. They come from large families. Their people work in sugar factories, stores, on railroads, and on farms, etc.—so they truly represent a typical cross section of Mexican people.

They are happy and friendly, yet always respectful. These men have become part of our community as evinced by several singing at Kiwanis and Chamber of Commerce gatherings while others have taken part on L.D.S. ward programs. Each Sunday a special Sunday School class with a Spanish-speaking teacher is held in our ward. Many have been guests in our homes; not only enjoying the hospitality, but learning our customs.

OUR attendance dropped considerably as it is a mile from camp to English class, and the men are tired after working long hours, so we were anxious to get a recreation hall erected. We received permission from the state to move a C.C.C. building to the camp and Señor Carlos Grimm, the Mexican consul, arranged with the Utah Council of Inter-American Affairs to pay the amount needed to move it.

As soon as the building was torn

down and trucked to camp, everyone in the area helped to erect it. Today our building is erected—in the rough. However, we need interior furnishings for next year.

We endeavored to open our hall on Mexican Independence Day—September 15, 1944. Arriving early we learned that the city electricians had not connected the light wires so we had to crowd into the dining room.

The Mexican consul was represented by Señor Crisoforo Gomez, *presidente de la Colonia Mejicana*, in Salt Lake City. As we stood at attention he presented a large Mexican flag to the camp. Señor Gomez gave a brief speech and then read greetings from Consul Grimm. Mayor Larsen was then introduced and in behalf of Post 68 of the Spanish Fork American Legion, presented a large American flag. Everyone stood at attention as he led in the salute to the flag. It was an inspiring sight to see Americans and Mexicans shoulder to shoulder, saluting our flag, while theirs stood staffed at equal height beside it.

Music seems to be a common tongue for all races, and these men are extremely musical. Put a guitar in one's hands, several men to sing to his strumming, and the whole atmosphere radiates harmony and good will. "Viva Mejico," "Viva America," was sung with many *vivos* and much clapping. The celebration concluded with punch and wafers, passed not once but many times. I left at 11 p.m. and crowds were still milling around the guitar player, singing familiar Mexican songs.

September 29th we held our first meeting in our *Casita Mejicana*. Judge A. H. Ellett of Salt Lake furnished a splendid program. His talk was much enjoyed. Then followed an entertainment of Spanish songs and dances, heart-warming to us who know how lonesome these men get. Raquel Perez, artistically garbed in Mexican costume, captivated the audience with her singing, her guitar playing and her dancing. Eduardo Balderas sang several popular numbers. How they clapped and called for more! Urged to speak, they listened intently as he told of his faith in the L.D.S. religion. It was late when we closed with prayer but not too late for Raquel to hold court. Hungry to talk to her, the men crowded around, begging her to come back every week!

Just as a pebble, thrown into still water, makes ever widening circles, so that first meeting, held on a cold, rainy night, has spread ever widening circles of good will and friendliness. With postwar problems facing us, we feel confident that what we practice in our daily lives will be reflected in these men's daily lives, while the ties of mutual respect, friendliness and tolerance which these contacts have established between us will grow stronger.

A Postwar Plan FOR WAGE AND SALARY WORKERS

By Ira J. Markham

HAVE you read recent postwar plans? Most people who lived through the last World War are taking these rosy world pictures with a grain of salt. This war is being fought for freedom from political oppression, not freedom from work. As long as we have our health, nobody is going to give us anything, and we are never going to have anything we don't earn by hard, efficient work.

The only time ordinary economics can be suspended is during a war. It is easy now for anyone to get and hold a job, whether or not he does it efficiently and earns his pay. That time is almost over, and no power on earth can prevent its ending. When the war peak has passed, the only man or woman who will hold a job and prosper and progress (whether the job is management, shop, office or—we hope—political) will be one who understands that he can be paid only out of what he produces, and so will produce better in order to get better pay.

During the period of the war, many young people have obtained and are now holding the first and only job they have ever had. In many cases they are not as well trained and therefore do not measure up to the standards expected by employers who have to compete in the business world on the basis of price. There are some employees who have developed wasteful habits of both time and material.

There is no postwar plan by government or any other group that will make a lazy man ambitious or make an incompetent employee function efficiently. There is no plan yet devised that will keep an employer from retaining until the very last, the employees who have a good attitude, who are most efficient and who produce the most.

Every individual should make his own postwar plan and begin now to practice it. The basic elements of such a plan would be as follows:

Spend today as little as you can. You will help keep prices down and you will build your own reserve, which is the best way to become independent.

Get the habit now of maximum skill, efficient production, doing the best job you possibly can. Then you will be in the ranks of those who will be more likely to keep their jobs.

This is a postwar program for true freedom—the freedom of independence, and no American worthy of the name wants any other.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Faith

(Concluded from page 135)

"Ain't time," Mel said. "We'd miss the express."

"But the bridge? You can't go on—" "Shut up!" Mel said. "The bridge's all right. It's got to be!"

"You can't see it!" Young Charley's face was white. He gripped the arm railing beside the window. "You're crazy to take a chance like this," he went on, his voice hoarse. "You can't see the tracks! You can't see anything!"

Old Mel laughed shortly. "Sometimes you have got to believe in things you can't see," he said.

They hit the water, and it came up around the old engine in blinding spray. Old Mel cut off the steam. It would be better to coast over that wooden trestle, he knew.

Then they were across and up out of the water.

"More steam!" Mel yelled.

Charley picked up the scoop. He seemed a little dazed. He spilled the first shovelful over the floor. After that, he was all right again.

THEY caught the express at the junction. Old Mel climbed down into the rain and watched them transfer the sick girl to the other train. He felt mighty good about that.

Then, suddenly, Charley was standing beside him, towering over him, grinning a little sheepishly.

"Guess I was kind of scared," he said. "Maybe you've got something there about believin' in things you can't always see."

Old Mel just grinned back at his boy. He didn't say anything. He couldn't. He thought so much of Charley, and besides there was a lump in his throat that felt as big as a flywheel.

The Pony Express Stations

(Continued from page 131)

Canyon noticed an Indian trotting along the road. He was dressed only with a breechclout and moccasins. When the running horses came up to where he was, the driver challenged him to a race. The challenge was accepted in silence and try as that driver might to get some extra speed from the horses the Indian was always right alongside the coach. When about one mile from Willow, the Indian put on a burst of speed and waved the driver to come on as he ran away from the outfit. He fell back and held out his hand for the passengers to reward him, which they did, as the stage rolled to a stop at Willow. The horses changed; the stage continued east, while the Indian trotted back up the road.

The next trip west the Indian was there, and again the race was on and ended at Canyon Station and—the passengers rewarded the runner. You

(Continued on page 156)

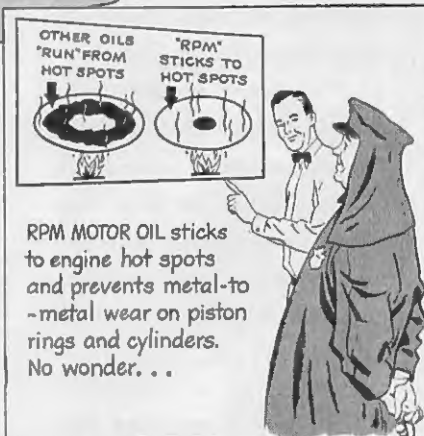


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THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

(Continued from page 155)

guessed it. This runner was Peah-namp, and he now had the information he wanted, for he had located Riley.

The following morning just after day-break as Riley was currying one of the horses at the end of the stable the cook called the men to breakfast. The men went from the log house into the kitchen and stacked their guns at the door of their sleeping quarters.

Suddenly they heard a shot. A bullet had broken Riley's ankle, and as he looked up he saw Indians at the doorway so began to run down the canyon on his broken ankle. An Indian followed and killed him. Those in the eating room rushed out but were mowed down by the Indians, who shot them full of arrows. Only one succeeded in getting by them, and he was also killed by the Indian who had shot Riley, and reports had it this Indian was Peah-namp.

After all of the men had been killed, the Indians took the horses, guns, in fact everything that they might have use for and placed an Indian in charge of these things while they dragged Riley's body up to the large wood pile and set everything afire. They then rode away.

Harry Bates of Deep Creek once told me how these facts became known. According to his story, they had a waterman at the station who hauled water from a spring about two miles to the southwest. This man always left at night and let the water fill his wagon so when morning came he would drive down to the station. The soldiers were there to protect him, but they objected to night work and as there had been no Indian trouble of late did not go with him. He was returning with his load of water and when about half a mile away saw it all and then rode to Deep Creek on one of his horses. So that was why Canyon Station was changed to Burnt Station.

FROM here the road goes up Overland Canyon and on to Deep Creek twelve miles away, but this is the only part of this road I have never been on so cannot describe it.

Deep Creek, now Ibapah, was a home station, and I visited it while appraising land in 1932-33. The name came from the fact that the creek was in a deep wash and not because the creek itself was deep. Long had I looked forward to getting to this station and having my old friend, Harry Bates, tell me more old time stories of events that had happened here but when I arrived I was to be disappointed, for Harry had died. I had wanted him to go with me and visit old Ibapah Jack, an Indian that had herded sheep for me when Harry had. Thought we might call on Antelope Jake and get his slant on old time affairs or we might hunt up Wild Cat, Jimmy or Crepo, younger Indians who had also worked for me, but my reception in that town was a mighty cold one. No one seemed to care about the Indians, the old Pony Express Station, or anything

else and I could not find a thing to show where the station had been. Neither could I find the grave of Jed Earl or the driver the Indians had shot at Eight Mile and who was buried here.

I went to the store for some confidential information, presented my credentials, but could get no information, so rather disgusted with everything and everyone in general, I got in my car and drove up a rather grassy draw and came to a level piece of ground and decided this must be Prairie Gate or Eight Mile, for it was eight miles from Deep Creek, and here was a place for me to appraise. One lone house was in sight so there I went.

Prairie Gate or Eight Mile Station was situated near a small spring. The present owner of the ranch seemed to know nothing at all about the history of the early days of that station. I had heard the Indians had killed Mr. Wood here, and one of the Egan boys had buried him where he fell about seventy-five yards north of the house, but I could not find the grave. I did find part of the walls of the old house and stable, but they were about all gone. I stayed here over night and did considerable thinking, for never before had I heard coyotes that could sing "Sweet Adeline" as those could, and never before had I seen such tame, big fat beggars as those were. Reminded me of the story Evan Jones used to tell about the mosquitoes back at Fish Springs. He said they grew so large that four of them could carry off an ordinary sized horse; that he trained a small one and used it as a hunting dog, and when he would shoot a duck, the "skeeter" would catch it before it hit the ground.

We are still at Eight Mile and I am more disgusted than ever so start for the next station, Antelope Springs. Never before or since have I ever tried to drive a car over such roads which were listed as "Improved Highways." They were nothing but ruts, high centers, dusty, and bad in every way, and it took me exactly four hours' driving time to cover the seventeen miles between Eight Mile and Antelope. I wondered how the stage had ever pulled through, especially when the roads were wet.

Antelope Springs is situated in a small valley, near the northwestern side, and was so named from the fact that numerous antelope were found there. It is now in the State Antelope Refuge. My bad luck still held. I stopped for information and facts about the early days when the Pony Express and Overland Stage had stations here. Two Indians came out, and as I could not understand their language, and apparently they could not understand mine, I learned nothing except that it was now called Tippet.

I drove a little south of west for a few miles and then turned west up a gravelly wash and continued on to a low summit, and then went down the other side along another gravelly, winding wash, and finally at thirteen miles came to a nice meadow. Here I was to

The Pony Express Stations

appraise another place and there being only one in sight decided this must be where the old station, called Spring Valley, was situated.

SPRING VALLEY derives its name from the fact that numerous springs are found up and down the valley.

I drove up to the house and stopped, and imagine my surprise when I looked at the name of the person on the loan application and found it to be the same as the name of a man who used to run sheep near my range up in northern Utah, many, many years ago. He came out and that surely was a happy reunion and a very pleasant surprise for both of us.

He showed me where there was a cornerstone and I began my work. Possibly two hours later I was passing near the house. He came out and asked where I was going. I told him, "to find a corner in the low hills to the east of the house." He followed. There, near the cornerstone, were a number of ruins of old buildings so I said to him:

"Someone live here in early days?"

"Yes and no. This was the old Pony Express Station before it was moved down where my house now is."

"Fine place for one, for a person can see in every direction from the top of this hill."

"Not such a fine place, after all. You see the large sage and cedars around here, and the numerous ravines, all made an ideal place for the Indians to hide in and take an occasional shot at the men, for it was the same in those days as it is now. The men killed two or three Indians and buried them over on that other hill, and then the station was moved down to where my house is, in the open where you can see what is going on."

"Were any of the riders killed here?"

"Not that I know of, but one came mighty near it."

"Tell me what you know about it, will you?"

We sat down on the top of the hill and he told this story.

"You see, after I brought my sheep from Grouse Creek down here, I bought this ranch, and the man I bought it from told the story to me. He said one day the Pony Express rider from the east got here just as the two men were sitting down to dinner. He stopped to eat instead of going to the end of his run up at Schellbourne.

"Well, when they came out of the house they saw some Indians driving their horses across the meadow and into these cedars. The rider was running ahead of the other two and had his revolver ready to shoot if he got close enough. But just as he got to the cedars,

(Concluded on page 158)



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Noted names in American journalism . . . names familiar to readers of the Salt Lake Tribune. For the Tribune has scanned carefully the best features available. Its editors have viewed them through your eyes and selected 73 of the best available in American journalism.

This is a growing list. For the Tribune always searches for the new and the interesting. It is a list as fine as that of any newspaper in the United States . . . a selection of features which demonstrates the supreme leadership of the Salt Lake Tribune in the area it serves.

The
Salt Lake
Tribune

THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

(Concluded from page 157)

an Indian shot an arrow into his head and he fell down. The others came back, but when they saw the Indians drive the horses over the hill they went back. They thought the rider was dead so left him there. Next day some men came along to bury him, but they found he was still alive so pulled the arrow out, but the flint head stuck in the bone. They brought him to the house and the next day a man by the name of Egan, who had charge of the riders between Deep Creek and Ruby Valley, came along and took the rider to a doctor and durned if he didn't get well, least they said he did."

Reluctantly I left him and his wealth of information and drove, north up Spring Valley, a few miles and then turned west for a ride to Schellbourne Pass.

The road took up a long ridge and was the best one I had been on for some time so I was fairly eating up the distance when suddenly upon rounding a rather sharp turn I saw some Indians right in the road in front of me. They would not move, so I stopped. It was deer hunting time, and they had two rather large bucks on the edge of the road. An old buck Indian and two younger ones, possibly sons or sons-in-law, stood there in the middle of the road, while three or four squaws and a whole flock of smaller girls, were partly carrying and partly dragging the deer across to their camp on the opposite side of the road. The young boys stood with the men folks, never offering to help, for they had been taught work was beneath any but the squaws.

While I was stopped, waiting, I looked down in the bottom of the canyon below me, and there was the old stage road. Many thoughts passed through my mind for when those old timers used to tell of the wonderful rides of such men as Egan, Wilson, Bill Streeper, Doc Faust, and others I had decided when I grew up I was going to be a Pony Express rider, and many a day have I ridden around on my stick horse shooting imaginary Indians, with a stick of wood for my revolver, just to make the route safer for the other riders.

Those Indians utterly ignored me, and finally when the deer were safe in camp, they moved away as if they had all of the time in the world. I continued on my way.

Schellbourne Pass: Here I got out and looked around. Looked down the old road on the Spring Valley side and wondered how it had been possible for the horses to draw the heavy stages up the road. I looked down on the Steptoe Valley side, and the road looked equally steep. I looked across the valley and could see Egan Canyon and remembered hearing of the time when the Indians had raided that station and the following night raided the one at Schell Creek (Schellbourne) and recalled the

time when I had written about the volunteers being of some use, once at Fish and the other time out here, for near this pass they had succeeded in slaying some twenty odd Indians after the Schell raid. I wondered if the soldiers had buried the Indians, and if they had, wondered if I could find the place and dig in some of the graves, and if I did, if I would not find a lot of worth-while flint arrow-heads.

Then I looked down the ridge. Yes, the Indians were still there. I wondered if the Pony Express had been running when I was a young man, if I would have had the courage to ride, for here was the old route, and there were the Indians, and on all sides were countless rocks where any number of Indians could have hidden and popped me off as I rode by. I might have had the courage when a youngster, but right now, in my old age, I decided it was best for me to leave Indians, dead or alive, strictly alone.

I got in my car and wound around a very crooked road possibly two miles and came to a place called Schell Creek which was fourteen miles from Spring Valley Station. I had an appraisal to make here so stopped at the first place and asked a man standing in the yard where Mr. So-and-So lived. He walked to the house, got a gun, and came out to where I was and said:

"Thassa me. What you wan'?"

I told him and he replied:

"Long time, for you, I wait."

One thing about that man—he sure knew where his corners were. He followed me, gun in hand, and wanted to know why I did this, or that, and why I made so many crooked marks through my map on the work sheet. I explained everything to him. Later, I learned he suspected me of being a revenue agent.

After the land was appraised, I asked him where the Pony Express Station had been, for I thought I recognized some of the pens as having been made by those old timers. (This was where the station had been.)

He looked at me in a rather strange way as if he did not quite understand, so I said, "Where was the old Pony Express Station and the Overland Stage Coach Station here on Schell Creek?"

He placed his gun against the fence, wiped his brow, looked across the valley and finally said, "No Pony Express sin' I come. Alla time parcel post an' no stage coach wagon, too, for jus' automobile alla time."

I asked four different persons why the name "Schellbourne" and received four different versions so really I do not know, only it was on Schell Creek and was the fourth home station since leaving Salt Lake.

The Pony Express has always been so close to my heart that I wanted to share with others some of the things I have learned at first hand from old timers whose lives and that of the Pony Express were so closely interwoven with my own childhood.